



THE DARK NEBULA INFILTRATED MY SCHOOL! GYA!

Klamekl87

In-Progress

Metal Fight Beyblade/???????

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Summary

And HD Academy! Oh noes! On second thought... Yay!

Introductions and Flying Fans

I am now making a Beyblade story! :D

Gaara: no, really?

Kirameki: Yeah! Didja see the title?

Gaara: Yes...

Kirameki: Hey wait a second, why are you here? You aren't in this story!

Gaara: ...

Enzo: He is now!

Kirameki: Right. Whatever. I don't own beyblade or the school mentioned in this fic...

A wolf, a snake, and a dragon were chasing me. I stumbled through the darkness, but never got a step further. The three beasts were closing in on me and were less than a meter away when-

Moves like Jager, moves like Jager, moo-oo-oo-oo-oo-moves like J—

The annoying music stopped as I slammed my finger down onto the "off" button on my alarm clock. The digital numbers read "6:15." This was the usual time I got up, and my alarm clock was set 13 minutes early. Unlike some people, I cannot sleep in. It is entirely impossible.

After eating breakfast, feeding the dog, and all that boring stuff I don't care to give detail to, I put on my school uniform. The uniform consisted of a collared shirt and pleated plaid skirt. Nothing special. My sneakers were blue and white, half destroyed, and had red pen colorings all over them.

Before I knew it, it was 7:30 and I was in the car with my sister and my mom, driving to school. Hmm. Maybe I should introduce myself. My name is Brooke and I am in 6th grade. I don't feel like telling you the school I go to, and as of now, I have no dreams for the future. Or ambitions.

I jumped out the car door when we stopped and heaved my outrageously heavy backpack onto my shoulders. On a normal day, I would have said hi to my teachers on my way to the classroom. I said hi to *some* teachers, but none of mine were there. I didn't pay much attention to that at the time, though.

I stepped into the normal chaos of the classroom, but before I could get to my seat, a voice stopped me.

"BROOKE BROOKE BROOKE! I HAVE A LOT TO TELL YOUEEEEEE!" Turning around, I found a girl's face *really really* close to mine. Actually, I knew her. Her name was Ankha. Backing away slowly, I answered her outburst,

"Okay! I have to tell you my dream!"

"Wow, oddly I didn't have any dreams last night..."

"That is weird..."

"Oh! Look at the note on the board!"

I turned my head and my eyes widened, the note read:

Class, all the 6th grade teachers have been sent on a retreat for one week. You will have a different teacher for each class. Please be kind and respectful, this is their first time teaching.

Quickly, we made our way to our desks and unpacked. Once we were both settled, I peeked over Ankha's shoulder to see what she was drawing. Ankha smiled and shoved the paper in my direction. It was a drawing of Ryutoro in front of a white-board. Typical for her to draw something like that.

"I can't wait to see the new teachers!" she exclaimed, "We get to connect them to more villains! I hope one of them fits the personality of R—" I covered her mouth and shoved the drawing inside my desk. Ankha looked at me, confused. Before I could explain, there was someone hovering over us.

"Would you like to explain what you are drawing to me? You are quite the artist!" said a the figure. We looked up at the person warily. It was supposedly a boy, he wore Japanese style clothing, had purple lipstick, and gravity-defying purple hair. In other words, it was Ryutoro.

"Gya! It's a drawing for a story we're writing!" Ankha explained quickly. Faster

than I thought she would. I never actually knew what she would do in this kind of situation. The man shrugged and strode to the front of the classroom. The room fell silent, with the exception of nervous whispers. A boy in the far corner of the classroom spoke up,

"Uh, Sir! I don't think we're allowed to have hair dye!"

The man smiled, and then whipped a fan out of no where and threw it so it barely skimmed the speakers head.

"I'd learn to keep your mouth shut if I were you, or you won't look the same at the end of the day." The man stated coolly. "Nevertheless, I am your teacher for this week. You may call me 'Mr. Fukami'"

Ankha and I exchanged glances filled with surprise, worry, and excitement.

Kirameki: Behold! A typical day in my classroom!

Brooke: That isn't true...

Kirameki: Well, in my mind, this is what happens!

Brooke: That isn't the same thing...

Kirameki: Whatever! Don't review if you don't want to! If you want to though, I won't stop you!

EXPLOSIONS! :DDDDD

Gah! I was at camp for a week! I couldn't update! I shall try and update sooner next time!

Gaara: I doubt it

Kirameki: Why do you say that?

Gaara: ...

Kirameki: ...Okay then. On with the story. And thanks for the reviews!

Ryutoro gave us an assignment. It was to write a story. Everyone agreed without complaint, and the room was dead silent. Everyone was utterly scared of this odd new teacher. I didn't mind the assignment. Writing stories is one of my favorite things to do. I especially like incorporating various anime characters, without naming their names of course. Ankha usually did the same. The question was, who to write about this time.

I suddenly felt hot breath down my breath. Turning around, I saw Ryutoro's eyes staring intently at my blank lined paper. Suddenly, I got the feeling that it would't be such a good idea to write an anime story, much less a beyblade one. My head went back to the paper and I wracked my brain for a *sensible* idea for a story. Man, that's hard.

After what seemed like *forever* it was time for break. Which means that Ankha and I can talk about random stuff without purple haired villains breathing down our necks creepily.

"Sooo..." I started, "What were you saying about connecting a teacher to—"

"Never mind!" said Ankha happily.

I eyed her warily, "You sure are happy about this, aren't you?"

"Well yeah, of course!"

"And you don't seem to realize that it could be dangerous to have a temporary villain from a TV show take complete control of classroom...?"

"Oh, I never really thought of that... Oh well! And besides, aren't you happy too?"

"Sure, a little, but I don't think we should reveal to them that we know who they are..."

"Them?"

"Well, there's bound to be more... We *do* have a new teacher for *every* class..."

"Oh yeah! Cool! We have Science next! I wonder who the teacher for that is!" exclaimed Ankha happily.

A brown haired boy who had been walking past us, commented snidely, "If they're as weird as this teacher, I don't want to know."

When the boy was gone, we both started cracking up. He always seemed to show up at the worst times.

Before we knew it, we were walking towards the Science Lab with binders, books, and pens in hand. As we walked, a thought occurred to me,

"Hey Ankha? Did you ever think that having villians for teachers could be sorta *dangerous?*" I inquired.

She thought for a moment, then smiled, and answered jokingly, "Oh, I suppose we'll be fine as long as nothing—" KA-BOOM!

Ankha was cut off by a loud noise from the Science Lab. This was followed by heaps of mysterious fog spilling out the door, onto the sidewalk.

"—explodes..." finished Ankha, flatly.

The reactions of our classmates were mixed, though the majority was pretty scared. We all hesitantly filed into the classroom. When we finally saw the owner of the explosion, the first thing we noticed was that he wasn't wearing safety goggles.... And was running around the room screaming and covering his eyes. The second thing we noticed was his longish red hair lined with yellow. And not orangy-red either, this was the kind of "red" you would see in a crayon box. He had a gray-blue bell sleeve top, cross belts, and black pants. In other words, it was Reiji.

Everyone made their way to their seats carefully, and a bit weirded-out by this new Science teacher. Ankha and I looked over to one of the tables and saw two test

tubes with liquid in them and a reminiscent of smoke, presumably from the eruption. Much to my amusement, there were sticky-notes on the desk that said stuff like:

"Do not inflict any pain whatsoever on the children"

"Snaaaaaaaaaaaaaake"

"Try to use safety precautions"

"Don't look too suspicious"

This was going to be interesting...

Yayz! Done with second chapter! I think Reiji is so awesome! I hope I get his personality right, though...

Caffeine and Zeo

Yaaaaaaaaay~! Chapter 3! Note to self, add Zeo, Sodo twins, Ryuga, Damian, and Tamaki... Wait what? Tamaki? Nevermind...

Our classmates looked a bit creeped out.. I bet some of them were thinking how this guy got his teachers credential... Or if he even had one, though Ankha and I were pretty sure he didn't. When Reiji finally settled down, he sat down in a chair and looked down at the ground, like he typically does all the time.

"I am.... Mr. Mizuchi.....Today...we are making... explosions.... Or as you call them... 'chemical reactions'..." Reiji said shakily.

The same guy that got hit with a fan spoke up, "Uh... Mr. Miz-a-something? Isn't this an Earth Science Class? Don't explosions count as chemistry? Unless-" he was cut off yet again. If you didn't guess yet, Reiji threw something at him. His shoe, to be exact. It would have hit him smack dab in the middle of his face if he hadn't dodged. Who knew Reiji's aim was that good? Various gasps and giggles arouse from the rest of the class.

Before anything else could happen, a heavy sigh sounded from the door. I turned and saw none other than Ryutoro, leaning against the wall.

"Excuse me class, I'm going to have to talk with Mr. Mizuchi right now... please be respectful to Zeo as he fills in for the moment." With that, Ryutoro grabbed Reiji by the collar and dragged him out of the room. I glanced at Ankha and saw that she was trying unsuccessfully not to crack up. Unsuccessfully meaning, her head was down on the desk covered by her reallyreallyreallydark brown hair, shaking with laughter. Of course, I was no worse off, I couldn't suppress the smile that forced its way onto my face.

The class's attention shifted to the boy at the front of the room. He couldn't of been much older than 8th grade at the most. He had gravity defying brown hair with a low beige ponytail in the back. In other words, it was THE Zeo Abyss, member of Team Starbreaker.

"Huh? I'm filling in? Oh, well then, okay..." said the boy, scratching the back of his head. "Let's see... I am Zeo Abyss. Just call me Zeo, no need for fancy titles. Yeah, sorry about Re-Mr. Mizuchi... all the new teachers here discovered this thing called 'caffine'... So they aren't acting totally normal." This caused a few snickers

throughout the classroom. Ankha and I had to *again*, strain to stop ourselves from bursting out in to a fit of laughter. Seriously, it's not good for your reputation. Don't try it.

"Actually, none of them can be truthfully considered 'normal', just to warn you. You're going to meet quite a few wack-jobs, but you'll get used to it."

Zeo held an audience's attention surprisingly well for an eighth-ish-grader. Everyone seemed to act calmer than they usually did. Of course, Ankha and I still couldn't wipe the silly smiles off our faces. The brunette kept talking about something, but I shifted my attention to the suspicious duo in the doorway. It started with Ryutoro scolding and lecturing Reiji, whom didn't have much of a reaction. It then morphed into urgent whispers and sideways glances. For a moment, my eyes met with diminutive golden cat-eyes. I turned away, quickly, hoping Reiji hadn't noticed me.

Yeah right.

Of course he did.

Again! So sorry for the delay! My mom thinks I spend too much time on the computer, so she's always telling me to get off of it. I figured I should post this chapter soon... ^_^'

MoonstoneWings: I ADDED ZEO! HOPE I GOT HIS PERSONALITY RIGHT!

I shall add more characters in the next chapter! Sayonara and Arigato~!

Pitiful Peacocks and a lack of blood

Gya, I haven't updated for a while, GOMENESAI! Well, on with the story, I guess! ^_^' Btw, any ideas for what Damian should teach? I was thinking maybe history...

Well, in short, the rest of Science was just listening to Zeo talk. Our next class was art. I wondered if the teacher was another character. If it was, I had a *pretty* good idea of who it might be.

"Hey Brooke!"

"Yeah?"

"I hope the next teacher is a character too!"

"Yeah, same here, any ideas on who it could be?"

"Well it makes sense that it would be—"

She got cut off. Again. What was that, the third time today? Fourth?

"HELLO CLASS! I am your wonderful teacher, Jack!" says a high-pitched-but-still-manly voice. In front of the door to the art room stood a tall man with long burgundy hair. He wore a long blue jacket, a black mask that covered one eye, and white fingerless gloves. Everyone in the class kept as far away from him as possible when they entered.

When everyone was seated, Jack started giving instructions. "Today we are drawing animals! Pick your favorite, or least favorite, or any animal really, and try to make it look as injured as possible!" oddly enough, (well, maybe not odd for Jack, but still) he was smiling throughout the entire time, as the children stared at him wide-eyed. On the other hand, Ankha and I were delighted at this chance to draw blood, sorrow, misery, and all the other negative emotions you can think of. Ankha looked very excited, I could tell she was imaging all the different possibilities.

"Mr. Jack? How are we supposed to know what an injured animal looks like?" says, you guessed it, the guy-that-keeps-getting-stuff-thrown-at-him. He needs a name... how about...Luko. Anyways, a few seconds later, a pencil lodged itself in the wall behind Luko. He kept quite for the rest of the period.

"Now!" said Jack, "I will show you my work of art!" he extends his index finger towards the pencil lodged in the wall, dramatically. Cracks have appeared around it, forming the shape of an eagle, very much in pain. That must have been a really strong pencil... not to mention, sharp. There were a few gasps from some people; others were too thick skulled to make out the image. Jack smirked, "You may start!" he exclaimed.

Without hesitation, Ankha launched immediately towards the paper. I smiled, and turned to my own. *If this really is Jack, I thought, then I know the PERFECT way to annoy him.* And with that, I started sketching nature's proudest bird, laying on the ground with scars and wounds. I thought for a moment, and then added some Band-Aids on some of the scratches. Just for my own amusement. When the sketch was done, I outlined it with a burgundy marker, and shaded it in with a colored pencil of the same color.

I looked at Ankha. She had drawn a cat. I could have guessed she would have done that. I showed her my picture, and she smiled manically. I felt hot breath on my neck, and turned to see a silently fuming Jack. He was red as a cherry, and trying hard to maintain his composure. Stuttering for a bit, he finally managed to spit out, "...That's very...interesting.." Once he left, Ankha and I shook with silent laughter. So much for putting a good impression on the teacher.

Heh.. yeah... At first, there was blood in the drawing, but then I realized some people might not like that, and I would hafta raise the rating..T.T Anywho, hope you enjoyed this chapter, and thankyou to the anonymous reviewer for the idea about Jack! Peace! Byee~!

Apples Bouncing like Red Rubber Balls

I'm sooooo sorry I haven't updated for so long! Gomenesai! I went on a ten-day vacation. But! On the bright side! I wrote two new chapters on my iTouch (And then put them in the project notes of some of my Scratch projects so I could copy-paste them into a Word document and so on and so forth) and I shall post them now! One at a time!

WoodLandSpirit13: Gya! You are reading my mind! All the characters you suggest are the ones I was already leaning towards!

Art class came to a close with Jack avoiding Ankha and I at all costs. The rest of our class's drawings were... Boring. No one really knew what to draw. Everyone started gaping over Ankha's drawing, as usual. Let's just say she was really REALLY good at drawing. Much better than me, anyway.

We had one more class period before lunch. P.E. By now, Ankha and I had caught on to the fact that all of our "new teachers" we characters from Beyblade. Temporary villains, to be exact. We both had a couple of guesses for who was going to teach the remaining classes. It hadn't occurred to either of us that the next teacher would be some regular person. Luckily, there were no regular people.

So for P.E., our first thought was "Enzo, of course! (Amazing, huh?!)". But Enzo is a bit young to be a teacher, so we were thoroughly confused when a floppy haired monkey person greeted us cheerfully in the courtyard.

"HI EVERYONE! My name is Enzo! I'm your P.E. Teacher! Amazing, huh?!" The class gaped at the sight of the elementary-looking kid bouncing around, doing flips and hand springs with such ease. No one seemed to notice the other person who walked up behind us.

"No you aren't, silly little brother! I'm the teacher, Miss Garcia! You're just the sub, Enzo!" Everyone jumped at the sound of the older girl's voice. Ankha and I sighed in relief; a class with Enzo would most likely leave us exhausted. Although, Selen probably wouldn't have been our first choice, either.

"Ok kids! Three laps around the building!" She says, smiling inhumanly. No one complains. By the second lap, Ankha and I are last in the group. That's no surprise, she has asthma and I stay back to keep her company. Though, I would most likely still be pretty far back if I didn't.

When everyone was FINALLY done, we were all out of breath and panting heavily, hands on knees.

"Oh come on, you shouldn't be tired YET! We're only getting started! Now you should all try and do THIS! Amazing, huh?!" says Enzo, demonstrating a few back handsprings and a cartwheel. Luko looks a bit confused.

"Is that humanly possible?" he asks as a red P.E. ball hits him square in the face.

Another girl speaks up. "No! I can do it!" she replies, perfectly replicating what Enzo had done. Some of the class starts clapping, but it quickly disperses.

"Wow! Besides this little girl, you are really out of shape! We need to work on your reflex's!" Selen exclaims, referring to Luko's ball-incident. Suddenly, both her and Enzo have multiple balls in their hands and wide smiles on their faces. Without warning, are rapidly pelted at our faces. Everyone struggles to avoid the barrage, stumbling over each other and tripping in the process.

"Ok!" exclaimed Selen, "Now we're going to work on flexibility!" We all groaned... Except the abnormally flexible people.

In short, we got stuck in a bunch of odd positions and were really sore when we stumbled over to the Lunch Room. None of us really got any more flexible. Something tells me these "teachers" are just trying to torture us. I mean they do have REIJI, after all...

:D Sorry, it's hard to judge how long it is when you're typing on a different application.

VILLAINOUS MIDGET CONVENTION!

The other chapter from my iTouch/Scratch!

Ankha and I sat down near some of our friends at a table. They always invite us to sit next to them, but no one really pays much attention to us, anyway. So that means, we can say all the crazy stuff we want as long as we aren't too loud and no one hears us (except the other person)!

"Soooo... We have Math next, right? Who do you think the teacher will be?"

Ankha asked. "I'm not sure," I replied, "No character specifically is associated with math..."

"I guess we could start with naming the characters that haven't showed up yet?"

"Right... Uh, Doji, Dr. Ziggurat... There's bound to be one of them..."

"Do you think Tsubasa and Yu count?"

"I doubt it, they both quit..."

"But so did Ryutaro and Jack!"

"hmmm... We'll come back to them..."

"Whadabout Tobi!"

"Toby with an 'i'? Or a 'y'?"

"Both!"

"uh... Oh! Tetsuya and and Captain Capri!"

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot abou-" She was cut off, yet again. This time, someone had come up to the microphone in the corner of the room. Or rather, they tried to. The person was a bit too short to reach it, so he decided to yell.

"OK! I AM THE MYSTERIOUS CAPTAIN CAPRI! I AM YOUR 'LUNCH SUPERVISOR', whatever that is..." Ankha and I had to keep ourselves from cracking

up at the sight of the short man with an Afro and a lollipop.

Another person spoke up, this time at the microphone, "You can adjust the mic, idiot. Nevertheless, I am Damian Hart! Listen to me or I will throw you all into Hades!" There stood, another short man. He had blue hair, green bangs, and a blue-gray cape with metallic shoulder guards. It's a psychotic villainous midget convention!

I felt bad for the rest of the people in the room. We eat Lunch with two other grades, both younger than us. They must have no clue what's going on. Poor them.

The job of a "Lunch Supervisor" is basically to walk around the tables and make sure no one decided to start a food fight. Well, that's not EXACTLY it, but you get my gist. Also, they walk around with garbage cans so kids can throw their trash away, but that's beside the point.

As soon as Damian was done talking, I saw Luko at the other end of the table lean over and whisper something in his friend's ear. I couldn't hear him of course, but I'm sure it had something to do with the two villains' height. No sooner had he finished whispering, a blue lollipop came crashing down onto the table... Or rather, it should've. We all know that Captain Capri never misses, so the lollipop came crashing down on Luko's head.

I turned my attention back to Ankha. Who was staring intently at the spectacle that had just occurred. Beside her lunch, there was a lined piece of paper and a pencil. It was her drawing of Ryutaro from earlier. Since she wasn't paying attention, I took this chance to vandalize her paper by drawing various loaves of bread and balloons every-which-way. I didn't draw on top of Ryutaro, though. He's too awesome. Of course, now that he was my teacher... My train of thought was disrupted when I noticed Ankha glaring at me playfully. She took the pencil out of my hand and erased my doodles. I gave her a wide grin.

"Why aren't you two eating?" an abnormally-pitched voice inquired. We turned around abruptly, and saw none other than Damian. His gaze shifted to meet each of our eyes. Ankha quickly covered her drawing.

"Sorry, we were just getting to that!"

Lunch went by pretty fast, recess as well. Ankha and I talked about stuff so off topic, that it really wasn't significant.

Yay! A wild Damian has appeared! Speaking of Pokemon, does anyone

know what Brooke was REALLY drawing around Ryutaro? I'd be amazed if you did....

Julian Caesar

Ok. So. Originally, this was supposed to be math. But I still haven't thought of a teacher for that. Sooooo, here you have history class~!

Ankha and I trudged to History with the rest of our class. When we got inside, everything was pretty much the same. Maps and laminated quotes covered every inch of spare space. The temperature was kept as cold as it could get. And for some odd reason, to me, it always smelled like cookies in there... Our instinct kicked in, and we all took our seats as quietly as possible. The teacher who usually taught history could be pretty scary sometimes, and a bit strict, but funny and agreeable all the same. It depended on the mood she was in.

At the front of the class stood a man. He wore a long red suit, unbuttoned to reveal a collared navy blue shirt, and slacks that were a darker shade of red. He had straight blonde hair that reached his shoulders, a zigzag hairline, and no bangs whatsoever. His posture made him look high and mighty, and he looked down on us when we were all seated.

"I am your teacher," he states coldly, "You may call me Mr. Konzern." You should probably know who it is by now, but I'll tell you anyways. It was Julian Konzern. I was strongly tempted to raise my hand and say something along the lines of: "Why beyblade and not hopscotch?" but I decided that wouldn't be very smart. I could tell Ankha had the same idea.

"Today we are learning about Juliu...s Caesar," he tells us. I smile and hope that he trips up and says "Julian" instead, and goes on some rant about the Konzern family fortune.

"Please take notes because there will be a test," he starts, "Juliu..s Caesar was a Roman dictator..." I sort of zoned out for most of Julian's speech. I just stared at him the whole time, I didn't care what he was saying. He was reading off of a paper, and didn't make many mistakes. I wonder if he knew that we already learned all of this...

"...Julius Caesar died On the Ides of March, March 15. His friend Brutus and some other people murdered him on the senate steps. Mark Antony talked about him at his funeral while Juliu..s body burned in the background..." He shudders at this part, but moves on, "Mark Antony's speech influenced a mob to kill Brutus." I rolled my eyes. *Well, when you put it that way...*

When Julian was done reading the paper, you'll never guess who raised their hand! It was Luko! *Wow, for a second I actually thought he would come out of this class unscathed. Hopefully he says something intelligent...*

"Mr. Kon...zern? I think we already learned all of this!"

"I'm just teaching you what your teacher told me to. She looked pretty forgetful," he replies. Wow! Of all people! Julian *didn't* throw anything! Then again, he's probably the most sensible person we've had so far, besides Zeo, if he counts.

"Ok," Julian continues, "We have a little time left, so I personally conducted a quiz for you all." And with that, he passes out sheets of paper to everyone. The test when a bit like this:

Who is the heir to the Konzern family fortune?

Who is the sub member on the EU team?

Who are referred to as the "Twin Jewels"?

Who is your teacher for L.A.?

What is Spiral Force?

From a distance, the test looked easy enough. But it had transformed our classroom into a sea of panicked faces. Ankha and I just stared at the paper with wide eyes. Something was fishy about this; besides the fact that there was nowhere to put your name and that the test had been printed on purple construction paper.

Just to be safe, I answered all the questions, but didn't put my name on it. Everyone turned it in at the same time, mostly blank. Except Ankha. I think she did the same thing I did.

Heheh... ^^ TA-DA! Again, any ideas for math teachers?

Crabs

Kay, REALLY sorry I haven't updated, but I realize how tired you are of hearing that kind of stuff so I won't mention it any more. But! I'm updating now! So that means..... I FOUND A MATH TEACHER! For the story, I mean... school already started for me, and I have a Math teacher there that's a bit less psychotic than this one.

Disclaimer: I do not own my math book or beyblade, or the.... Erm... song....

Oh! And! IF you review, can you answer something, please? Do you think art is fleeting or eternal? 3

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAABBYYYYYYYYY....."

We all stared silently at the ragged looking caped figure that claimed to be our "teacher". Looks of horror crossed the faces of my classmates. There stood the one and only, Tetsuya Watarigani. His greeting was typical, for Tetsuya, at least.

"Why hello there mini crabs! I am your math crab! Call me," he pauses, for dramatic affect I assume, and then starts singing, "Miiiiisteeeerrrrr Waaaaatarigaaaaaniiii!" We all stare blankly at him as he stands on top of the desk; arms spread wide and pink bubbles floating around him.

I glanced at Ankha, who again, was on the verge of bursting into a fit of giggles. I had to smile too; it was pretty amusing. At least he wasn't teaching grammar; that would be a *nightmare*.

We all sat down at our desks and waited to see what "Mr. Watarigani" would teach us.

"Ok Crabs! I need you to open your crab book to page 125! We are learning about Integers, crab!" he says, nodding sincerely to confirm the validity of his statement.

"It says here, 'Integers are the whole numbers and their opposites', yes. That's, what they are, crab," and with that, he slams the book shut, abruptly.

"And now, my lucky crabs! You will get to here a LOVELY song I composed for you all, crab!" he announces, still standing on the desk.

"I've got a big bag of crabs here

I'm gonna put them in my mouth, oh yes!

I'm gonna run around the town on a market day

Everyone will look at me and say

I've got a mouthful of crabs!

hebedoo-hehboo-hai-badee

That's how I'll sound with a mouthful of crabs...

I've got a big bag of crabs here

I'm gonna put them in my mouth, oh yes!

I'm gonna run around the town on a market day

Everyone will look at me and say

I've got a mouthful of crabs!

hebedoo-hehboo-hai-badee

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I'm gonna run around the town on a market day

Everyone will look at me and say

I've got a mouthful of crabs!

hebedoo-hehboo-hai-badee

That's how I'll sound with a mouthful of crabs...

I've got a big bag of crabs here

I'm gonna put them in my mouth, oh yes!

I'm gonna run around the town on a market day

Everyone will look at me and say

I've got a mouthful of crabs!

hebedoo-hehboo-hai-badee

That's how I'll sound with a mouthful of crabs...

I've got a big bag of crabs here

I'm gonna put them in my mouth, oh yes!

I'm gonna run around the town on a market d—"

"Mr...? Mr? MISTER WATARIGANI?!"

"Yes, crab?"

"Why do you like crabs so much?"

Luko didn't say any more, because crabs now surrounded him.

"Don't talk to me, crab. I'm busy. I've go—"

"OKAY TETSUYA. I think you've caused enough trouble here, how much coffee did they give you, anyway?" says Zeo, whom had been at the door for a while.

Tetsuya smiled evilly, "Oh Zeo~! I heard that Ziggurat had some more news on the sick crab~!" This information caused Zeo to exit the room, leaving us to listen to that.... Interesting..... song, for the rest of the period.

**Heheh... that was fun! You should listen to the song! [www.weebls-stuff
songs/crabs/ -without the spaces~](http://www.weebls-stuff.songs/crabs/ -without the spaces~) Yay! Please answer my question!**

Angelique

Soooo.... Yeah.... This chapter marks the end of DAY ONE! :D Only four more left! ...I'm so efficient... -_-'

Anyway, Angelique belongs to MoonstoneWings!

So finally, the school day ended. Four more days where we can potentially get ourselves killed. Four more days with psychotic villainous teachers. This was going to be awesome.

After escaping math class, we went back into Ryutaro's classroom to pack up and all that. We went home, had no homework because it hadn't occurred to anyone to give us any, and went to bed. Nothing interesting there. School is always more interesting than home, it's a proven fact. Proven by me. Then again, Ankha could probably tell you about a lot of my other supposedly "proven facts," but that's beside the point.

The next morning, the same thing happened. I woke up to the SAME EXACT SONG. Seriously, don't they know any other songs?! Whatever. Let's fast forward to school, shall we?

TIME WARP

"BROOKE BROOKE BROOKE!"

"What...?"

"I—"

"Ok class! I have announcement! Or whatever you want to call it..."

Ankha and I turned towards Ryutaro at the front of the room. He stood there with a girl, she was tall with straight honey-colored hair stretching down her back. She had piercing hazel eyes, and a dazzling smile.

"We have a new student. Her name is Angelique," Ryutaro continued, "Please welcome her, and all that.... Yeah, take your seats as soon as possible please."

So, it turned out that Angelique's seat was right next to Ankha. Who knew?

Anyways, she seemed pretty nice. Ankha happened to be drawing again. So was I. But her drawings are much better and more interesting to talk about. So, she was drawing Damian Hart, and Angelique glanced at it.

I winced, bracing myself for the ever-appearing comment of "Who is THAT?!" or "What the heck?" or "That must be a Pokemon character!" but instead, she exclaimed, "Oh! Is that Damian? So you must know beyblade!" We both rapidly nodded our heads, smiling excitedly.

"Yeah!" Ankha replied.

"But no one else does!" I added.

She smiles again, "Cool! So you DO know who the teacher is then! 'Cause no one else seems to!"

"Yup!" Ankha replies.

"Mmhmm!" I second, and then pause, "Oh! Wait a second! We should probably introduce ourselves! I'm Brooke!"

"I'm Ankha!"

"An I'm Angelique!"

We didn't have time to say anything more, because class started.

"Today," starts Ryuta—I mean Mr. Fukami, "You need to get into a group of three and create a battling utensil. Describe it on one piece of paper with all of your names on it. I will judge them and the best one wins."

I bet you can't guess who was in my group. A very eager Ankha, an equally as excited Angelique, and... ME! And so, we got started.

"A beyblade would probably be too suspicious... and un-original.."

"Yeah... Hm, well we DO have an advantage; we know Ry- Mr. Fukami's preferences!"

"That's a start... let's see, he likes fans.... Fortune telling... and... creeping people out...?"

"Oh! He like's winning!"

"Oh that helps, I'm sure no other person has THAT trait"

"Well it IS important! That means we have to make a weapon that can potentially win a fight!"

"Why would someone make one that couldn't?"

"..."

"..."

"..."

"hn."

"...how about lethal fans?"

"With blades on the ends!"

"Sharp ones!"

"Um... why would we have blunt blades, Brooke?"

"I don't know... to K.O. them?"

"Oh well... hey, wouldn't the blades need to be really light and flexible?"

"Like Mercury!"

"But isn't that poisonous?"

"Yup! That's even better!"

"The user would have to be pretty skilled..."

"Meh"

TIME WARP

"That was fun!" Angelique commented as we walked out the door for Break,

"what's our next class?"

"Science" I state.

"With Reiji!" Ankha added.

"Oh... that can't be safe!"

"Nope!"

Yay! ... btw, Mercury is an element. It is a metal, but it's squishy like clay. But you can't touch it cuz it's poisonous. It's really shiny toooooooo... and awesome... Ankha did a science project on it, not for Reiji, though.

Jack did something to the Art Room

THIS IS A CHAPTER! :O YAY.

Science. With the one and only Reiji Mizuchi.

We walked into the lab and were greeted by... Ryutaro? How did he get there before us?! Oh well. Reiji was next to him, anyways. Not exactly "greeting" us... more like staring at us to the point where we were feeling really uncomfortable. But, same thing, right?

When we had all been seated Ryutaro spoke up.

"Due to the apparent condition of Mr. Mizuchi here, not being trusted to stay in the room alone with children, I have been chosen to help... Supervise. Apparently I'm the only person who can, quote and quote, 'keep him sane' So... any questions?"

No one raised his or her hand. Not even Luko.

"Ok," continued Ryutaro, "Then open your textbooks to page 317 and read the chapter. Then answer the workbook questions. We will do the baking-soda-volcano experiment tomorrow or the day after, courtesy of Mr. Mizuchi..."

There were a few cheers among the students, and then everyone went to work. It stayed quiet for....oh, I'd say... 5 minutes? Less? Interrupted. Of course. Nothing is normal here anymore. That's why it's awesome.

"RYUTARO! HELP! THE BIN IN THE ART ROOM EXPLODED, YEAH!" Said the person who had barged into the room. More specifically, Jack.

Ryutaro sighed. "That's the kind of thing you go to the principal for! Or Damian, he seems to have lot's of time on his hands..."

"That lady is scary! And you're the only person who didn't drink lot's of that 'coffee' stuff this morning!"

"Zeo didn't either! Ask him! I'm busy!"

"I don't know where he is.."

"Eh, take Reiji. All he's just sitting in the corner ranting to himself about suffering or something."

Jack agreed to this, and dragged Reiji out the door by the wrist. We all watched this either utterly confused or highly amused. You can probably guess to whom the latter applied to.

Since Ryutaro didn't seem to care or notice our existence, we all congregated with groups of friends and barely anyone actually accomplished any work. And so, I went over to where Angelique and Ankha were.

"When do we have art?"

"We had it yesterday, so we'll have it again tomorrow!"

"Do you think the mess will still be there?"

"What mess?"

"Well Jack messed something up and *Reiji* is going to clean it up. Something ought to explode."

"I don't know about *explode*, but it's bound to be interesting!"

"Yeah!"

"What else is there today?"

"Hm... History, Math, Music, aaaand.... Technology!"

"Oh! Who teaches those?"

"Julian for History, Tetsuya for Math, and we haven't had the rest yet so we're not sure!"

"Awesome!"

Yayz! Any idead for who should teach Tech and Music? 3 I've got some, but it's not totally official or anything... Thanks!

The Beyblade World Singoff!

Yeah, music now! There were a lot of really awesome ideas for music, (Ryuga, Teru, Faust...) but I had to go with this one 'cause it fit the storyline a lot more! ^^ Onward!

Science ended uneventfully. Or, as "uneventful" you can get while being taught by a fuming villainous psychic. And so, we made our way to the History classroom. Sadly, music is one of the only subjects that lack's its own classroom. The music teacher pushes a big cart from room to room all day. Music teachers also seem to hate us, we've had five over the time I've been here.

Ankha and Angelique walked beside on the way there. Angelique still bore the same huge smile. She must really like music.

"I can't wait to see who teaches music!"

"Me too! And we can be sure that it isn't Tetsuya!"

"That wouldn't end well... Especially with that song he sang yesterday."

"What did he sing?"

"Some really repetitive song about crabs!"

"Oh, of course! I could've guessed that!"

"It went like this-"

"You memorized it?!"

"Yup!"

"Oh joy"

Ever heard the phrase "saved by the bell"? We were saved b the door. Because it opened. And there stood the one and only Zeo Abyss, much to the...erm...surprise, of Angelique. Her face was literally white. I waved my hand in front of her face and checked her pulse.

"Hellooooooo? Angelique? Are you okay.." I commented warily. She shook her head rapidly and the whiteness went away.

"Yeah! I'm fine!" she replied, flashing us a nervous smile. As we walked in, Ankha leaned over and whispered,

"I think she really likes Zeo..."

I mentally slapped myself. *Ohhhh now I get it... Angelique has a crush on Zeo!* Wow, must be really awesome seeing her crush in real life! I leaned back towards Ankha, "Like the way you like Reiji?" I asked with fake innocence, receiving a glare from Ankha before we took our seats.

Zeo stood at the front of the room, slightly nervous. I can't blame him; it's his second day teaching at a new school in a different dimension. I'd be pretty nervous too if I was suddenly teleported to the world of Yu-Gi-Oh (Which I know NOTHING about) and then had to teach a bunch of little kids how to use Yu-Gi-Oh cards. That's kind of the situation Zeo was in, but he got Music, so it shouldn't be *too* hard.

"Ok... so you all met me in Science yesterday, but I'll introduce myself again. I'm Zeo Abyss but please just call me 'Zeo'. I know virtually nothing about music, but I had an idea. What if we did some sort of sing-off? There would be solo's for each person, and everyone should participate, so I can get a better idea of your voices. Sound okay?"

There were some cheers and a lot of consent around the room. Other people seemed nervous. Don't get me wrong, I LOVE singing, just not in front of people! Plus, no one knows any of the songs I do. Except Ankha.

The first person who sang was a girl. She's known for being really good at singing and acting. She sang "Change" by Taylor Swift. I'm not a particularly big fan of Taylor Swift, mostly due to the fact that all her songs get stuck in my head one way or another, but that was one song I could handle. Everyone cheered and clapped at the end.

Next up was Luko, you can leave it to him to make a joke out of something. Zeo already had an impression of him, for he had witnessed the Reiji-shoe incident, but had no idea of the extent of the de ja vu that had happened before and after that. Luko thought that it would be a *wonderful* idea to sing Katie Perry's "Fireworks". The class got a kick out of this, but I don't think Zeo was very impressed.

Third, was me. Great... I considered singing the Beyblade theme song, but that

would probably lower my below-zero reputation. I wanted to freak everyone out and sing some random Japanese song, but I only know three lines of "World is Mine" by Hatsune Miku. So, I sang one of those really creepy songs you can find in Reiji tributes on YouTube. It was "Where Butterflies Never Die" by Broken Iris. So much for the reputation thing.

In short, I failed, on to the next person.

Angelique was up next. She seemed pretty confident, but still withered under the gaze of Zeo. I gave her a reassuring smile. She sang "Dream on, Dreamer" by Cascada. One of the most awesome songs in the world, in my opinion.

"The autumn rain is falling down

Through the clouds, hits the ground

Wash away, traces in the sand

Yesterday, so far away

You disappeared, love was here

I close my eyes to be with you again

You're still alive, the world is in your hand

Dream on dreamer

And the sun will always shine down on you

Keep on dreaming

It's alright, feel alive

Dream on dreamer

And the world keeps spinning

Round and round you go

Don't stop dreaming

It's alright, we're alive

(We're alive)

I write your name, across the sky

I'll be with you til the end of time

Don't wake me up, I'm reaching for your hands

I'll never go to break your heart

No matter if you're near or far

Just close your eyes to be with me again

You're still alive, the world is in your hand

Dream on dreamer

And the sun will always shine down on you

Keep on dreaming

It's alright, feel alive

Dream on dreamer

And the world keeps spinning around and around you

Go, don't stop dreaming

It's alright, we're alive

Dream on dreamer

And the sun will always shine down on you

Keep on dreaming

It's alright, feel alive

Dream on dreamer

And the world keeps spinning around and around you

Go, don't stop dreaming

It's alright, we're alive..."

When she finished, everyone pretty much just stared at her in awe. Including Zeo, who eventually regained consciousness and spoke up, "Well, you're a hard act to follow, so good thing you were the last one today! Everyone give a round of applause for the people who went today. Everyone else will go tomorrow. Yeah... class dismissed! That it what I'm supposed to say, right?"

...I'm horrible at romancy stuff and crushes. Zeo was a bit OOC that chapter, his personality isn't very obvious in the first place, though. Next up is Technology! ^^

Dragon's Don't Make the Best Teachers

Kaaaaaaaaay... Yeah, so, here's a new chapter! :D

I do not own Pixie

.....

We walked to the Technology Lab, passing the Science Lab where Reiji was traumatizing the Eighth Graders accompanied by an annoyed Ryutaro. While we waited, we congratulated Angelique.

"Wow! Angelique! You're REALLY good at singing!"

"Thanks!"

That was about as far as we got before she was pelted with a barrage of compliments from the rest of our troublesome classmates. Heh, what do you know, maybe she won't be considered weird for hanging out with us!

Our classmates didn't get too far either, because the door mysteriously opened on its own with one of those haunted-creaking noises, emanating a dark aura and causing an awkward silence to form as everyone stared at the door.

"WELL?! Come in already, will ya?!"

The class filed into the room in silence, and took their seats at a computer. For some reason all the lights were off and the windows were closed with the blinds down. Everyone couldn't help but glance nervously at the shadowy figure that sat at the front of the room.

After an uncomfortable length of time that consisted or Mr. Dark-Shadowy-Figure staring at us with glowing red eye (I'm not lying, they were GLOWING), the person finally stood up, and all the lights turned on dramatically so we could finally see what he looked like. There stood a tall man with spiky white hair streaked with red. He wore a black tank top and pants. A white coat hung loosely around his shoulders like a cape, the sleeves fluttering in the non-existent wind. On his left arm was a gold gauntlet, and his forehead bore a similar gold tiara-thing. He introduced himself, too, if you still aren't sure who he is.

"Ok, listen up! I am Ryuga!" he told us, smirking as we stared at him uneasily. I glanced at Angelique and Ankha, both who were failing at suppressing grins. We're great at not standing out, no?

...more silence...

I'm starting to get the feeling that Ryuga has no clue what to say to or do with 37 Sixth graders, considering he can't give his "L-drago is the awesomest bey and the one and only left rotating bey so I'm going to PWN you" speech. He needs more conversation topics. And social skills.

"Now! Turn on your computers and draw something on that thing called 'Pixie'"

No one complained. We all did just that. On the computer, I started drawing an UNINJURED dragon. In purple. Unlike Jack, Ryuga is someone you probably wouldn't want to fall out of favor with. Unless you're Luko. Then, you have a streak of failure to uphold.

"Mr. Ryuga? Aren't we a little old to do this?"

CRASH

Everyone's gaze was greeted with the sight of Luko laying on the ground under a highly damaged chair, courtesy of a shiny, spherical, black, river stone. Thrown by none other than Ryuga.

"You should learn to keep your mouth shut, kid."

Everyone went back to what they were doing, and I think Luko stood because he didn't have a chair anymore.

And the rest was uneventful.

Ryuga is awesome. And one of the main villains. Peace!

Vilains are Stalkers

Lunchtime! Haha, I almost forgot lunch....

Ankha and I led Angelique to The-Table-With-All-Our-Friends-At-It. There, all of our friends congratulated her on her singing. Still, they probably were a bit hesitant, because she WAS hanging out with US after all. You never know if a person is sane by "normal people" standards if they are acquainted with us.

"OK EVERYONE LISTEN UP"

It was at that time that I remembered we had forgotten to warn Angelique about the "Lunch Supervisors".

"I NEED YOU TO BE QUIET WHILE YOU EAT"

Perfect Role Model, that Captain Capri.

"Again, there's a *microphone*, idiot," droned a clearly bored Damian.

"THAT IS IT FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENTS"

Cue furious Damian bashing.

Angelique lent over to Ankha and I and asked, "So.... Tobio and Damian do Lunch...?"

We both nodded.

"Oh, alrigh the—"

Angelique was cut off by an the intent gave of a certain-villain-with-a-lollipop, causing all three of us to stare back uncomfortably. Yikes, villains do love cutting us off, don't they?

"Uh... Hi!" I exclaimed. Tobio nodded sharply and then walked off.

"That was awkward..."

"At least he didn't yell at us for not eating..."

After that, Damian and Tobio didn't really bother us all that much. Soon enough, Lunch was over and it was time for recess, in which Ankha and I talked to Angelique about Beyblade characters.

"So, what are your favorite characters?" Angelique asked us as we walked around the courtyard in circles for the fiftieth time.

"Tsubasa!" I stated.

"I don't know, I like Ryutaro and Reiji a lot, along with a bunch of other characters!" Ankha explained.

"I bet yours is Zeo!" I exclaimed (I've been doing a lot of that lately... maybe I should widen my emotional-horizons...).

"Yeeeeah... how'd you guess?"

"Cause your face turned white when you saw him!" I *pointed out*.

"Oh.. that.."

"We were guessing you had a crush on him," Ankha added.

"... I guess you could say that! I mean, so would you if you saw Tsubasa, Brooke, or... I don't know if it's possible to have a crush on Reiji, but still.." Angelique stated, with a nervous smile on her face. Ankha stuck her tongue out at me, for multiple reasons.

We talked about random stuff for a while, until we came to an isolated part of the courtyard with no other kids around. It was the corner of a building with a *really really* big tree next to it. We aren't supposed to go past there, because then the teachers wouldn't be able to see us. (But, I guess we could've, since no one was watching us. Who would trust a villain to *care for children*, anyway? Nevertheless, it was a good thing that we didn't go past there.) Just as we were about to turn around and continue walking the other way, we heard voices.

"Gah! Why is this lady-statue staring at me?!"

"It's a statue,"

"I KNOW THAT!"

"Riiiiight.... Anyway, has *anyone* gathered *any* information?"

"Hn. I found that two people know who we are."

"Who?"

"They never stated their names."

"Ok.... Anyone else?"

"I've found fanart of Ryutaro..."

Cue amused snickering.

"Where...?"

"Someone was drawing it."

"Do you know who?"

"No."

"Great... well, it looks like time's up and we're supposed to take the kids back to class, or something... Everyone go back to your assigned room."

Cue Ankha, Angelique, and I running out of there before anyone saw us.

Once we had gotten into a populated part of the courtyard, we stopped to catch our breath.

"Were those the teachers...?"

"Yeah, look, they're walking out from behind there now!"

"Oh... what were they talking about?"

"Ankha and I, from the sound of it..."

"That's not good.."

"I suggest we keep it a secret that we know who they are, agreed?"

"Yeah..."

"Agreed..."

"Because I can't imagine going through the trouble of explaining to them that they're characters on a show we watch..."

Cue end of story! Heh, I used that phrase a bit much... Along with the dot dot dot (...). Anywho, next up is History!

Jack still hasn't fixed the Art Room

Oops, mistake in last chapter! "Cue end of chapter" not "end of story"! K, soooo... History!

Everyone went back into the classroom to get their stuff for History, and withered under the bored gaze of Ryutaro. We then walked to History; which was conveniently in the classroom right next to us.

Julian was waiting for us with the same expression on his face as he always has. Which was kind of intimidating. So we sat down in silence. Julian opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted by the opening of the door and complaints of a very tired art teacher.

"JULIAN! SOMETHING EXPLODED IN THE ART ROOM AND I NEED YOUR HELP BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WILL LISTEN TO ME!"

Julian sighed, "Can't you clean it up yourself? I'm busy."

"No, of course not!" Jack exclaimed, and then hesitantly added, "Well, maybe I could've *at first*, but then Reiji tried to help and everything got even more messed up!"

Has he really been asking for help THAT long?!

Julian thought for a moment and then replied, "Why don't you just take the kids and have them help you clean?"

Jack's face lit up at this and, with regained he spirit, he told us to follow him. So we did. Because you never know what will happen if you disobey the villain at the wrong point of the story.

For some reason, I don't think Julian had a lesson plan for that day. Or maybe he didn't want to talk about himself dying.

When we got into the art room, we saw that it truly was a mess, and it wasn't a stretch to say that something did indeed explode in it. Paint was practically everywhere, and there were overturned tables and chairs. There were paintings of snakes all over the ceiling and walls, demonstrating how helpful Reiji was. The floor

was piled high with paint splattered markers, crayons, and colored pencils. It seemed that Jack's idea of "cleaning" was putting all the matching stuff into big piles on the floor. Which, by the way, was not how things worked in the usually organized art room with supplies spread out evenly on each of the tables.

I leaned over to Ankha and Angelique and whispered, "Did he launch his bey in here, or something?"

They both shrugged.

I looked at Jack and found that he was glaring intently at me. If you remember our first encounter with Jack, you'd know why. I hoped he didn't hear what I said. Fortunately, Luko was there to save us from any awkward situations!

"Um... Mr. Jack? What did you DO to this place?!"

Jack then directed his glare towards Luko and threw a mismatched marker towards Luko, who promptly ducked so the marker hit a bucket on the sink behind him. Water happened to be in the bucket, along with a sponge. The water sloshed a bit and flew out of the bucket, along with the sponge, onto the only right-side-up table. The water carried the sponge over to the edge of the table, and pooled around the random bottle of maple syrup. Then, something happened that none of us expected (actually, none of us had expected anything that had happened over the past two days, but that's beside the point). The water, syrup, sponge, and just about everything else, floated into the air with a purple sparkly aura. Then there was a flash of light, and everything was back to normal and clean, with tiny whit effect sparkles making cheesy "ding ding DING" noises.

Everyone stared silently for a while, a bit weirded out, before Jack broke the silence.

"Oooookay.... You guys can go to your next class now..."

.....

Heh... Math next! 3 Well, kinda, I think Tetsuya was fired though~

THE CAKE IS A LIE

...I'm starting to question why I do these prologue thingies... I never have much to say... OH YEAH! I DO have something to say! The idea for this chapter is courtesy of Song Of Hope!

Angelique, Ankha, and I walked across the street with the rest of the class to math. Everyone could *hardly wait* to see our incredibly *crabby* teacher again. We reached the door of the math room, only to find it locked. Not to mention all the lights were off and it didn't appear that anyone was in the room. So we all just kind of sat there, not sure what to do. Until Ryutaro came and told us.

"I guess no one informed you: Along with Reiji, Tetsuya is ALSO not trusted to be alone with children. Especially this far from the main campus. And, since there was no one sane enough to teach with him, your math class has been temporarily replaced with a food class back in the science lab."

"Do we get to eat food in food class?"

CRASH

"I suggest you all hurry and get there, your... teacher is not fond of waiting, apparently," Ryutaro tells us, retrieving his fan from the newly formed pile-of-books-and-Luko.

So, we went all the way *back* to the Science Lab, which was conveniently placed on the exact *opposite* side of campus. We got into the lab and found an incredibly bored-looking blonde boy sitting on the edge of a smooth black marble table swinging his legs and eating a popsicle he got from who-knows-where. No psycho snake maniacs in sight. Speaking of Reiji, we never DID find out where they put him during food class...

Nevertheless, our classmates were appalled at the aforementioned blonde so-called-teacher. He looked like a second grader, at best. Angelique, Ankha, and I exchanged knowing glances. Our classmates weren't THAT far off. I mean, Yu is pretty closed to Kenta, age-wise. And on Kenta's wiki page, it states that Kenta is ten years old, and in first grade.

"Uh... excuse me? Do you know who the new 'food class' teacher is supposed to

be...?" asked none other than Luko.

Cue popsicle hurtling at Luko's head.

"I am your Food teacher! Mr. Tendo! So go sit down!" exclaimed an annoyed Y—*Mr. Tendo*.

We all did as we were told, and once we were seated, Yu informed us we'd be making cake. *Cake*. Thanks to the Math-class-mix-up-dilemma, our class time had already been chopped in half. So, there was NO WAY we'd have time to bake a CAKE. Besides, we only have a microwave in the lab, As far as, I know, we don't have an oven on school campus. Actually, there is one in the *kitchen* in the *gym*, but I wasn't about to suggest that. Class would be over by the time we got started. And, the cake is a lie.

All of the needed supplies had been placed on each desk. I'm not sure where they got three pounds of sugar for all 36 students, though.

"Alright! Pour the... milk into the bowl first! Yeah, the milk! As far as you think is necessary! Now... flour! ...Half of it! Yeah! And pour all the sugar in! All three bags! And... oh yeah! Eggs! Eggs next! Crack... three of them! Put the shells in the empty sugar bags! Then throw them away! Now take the wooden spoon and stir it!"

Yu seemed to be having a great time doing all this. He just darted from table to table, very confident in his direction giving skills.

This went on for a while, until we got to the "dump everything into the tin, smooth in out, and stick it in the sun to bake" step. At that point, a tall ten with long silver hair decided to walk past.

"Yu... what is this?" he stated, eyes closed and index finger and thumb holding the bridge of his nose."

"It's cake!"

"...what kind of cake...?"

"...uh... sugar cake?"

"You just made that up on the spot."

"No!"

"Hn. Why are they sitting on the ground?"

"To bake! DUH!"

"... how long does it take to bake?"

"How should I know?!"

Tsubasa walked into the lab, and came out with a bunch of shiny aluminum foil and pizza boxes he got from who-knows-where. He set each one up to make one of those homemade-oven-contraptions-you-see-in-curious-george.

"What does THAT do?"

"Makes them bake faster"

"Oh... Oh yeah! I knew that! You just didn't let me get that far!" Yu accused.

Tsubasa turned to us, "I think you're supposed to go back to your classroom now..."

On the way back, I walked backwards and stuck my tongue out a Ankha, " Told ya so~!"

So then we went home, slept, and did non-existent homework!

Day two: over! I think last period might be different each day so I can use more characters! Like Dan and Reiki! And Faust!

Vacating Empty Chairs

YAAAAAY...We're almost halfway through the story, I think! Welcome to day three! I am such a fail~!

Some people despise school. I don't. I find that it's a WONDERFUL escape from life at home. So that's why I feel that it will be much more interesting to tell you about what happens at school. That is what this story is about, anyway.

So... I walked into the classroom and was greeted by Angelique and Ankha, who had somehow gotten to school before me, even though I live much closer. Actually, I'm not quite sure where Angelique lives. Never bothered to ask. Then again, it puts both people in a pretty awkward situation if you just randomly ask—

"WHERE DO YOU LIVE?!"

I backed away from the scary burgundy-haired artist with blue lipstick. His face proceeded to stay very close to mine. Jack's eyes grew pretty wide too—which is saying a lot for an anime character. By the way.... Does THIS count as child abuse?

"Jack... please leave the students alone...."

Hurray! Saved by the psycho fortuneteller with PURPLE lipstick!

So after Jack was banished from the classroom, all the students sat down and waited for Ryutaro's orde—comman—aaaah.... Assignments...? Yeah. Assignments.

"Okay. You are all going to take out the vocab books that I'm pretty sure you have, and go to unit... 5. Rewrite the story you wrote on Monday using all of the words!"

Great.

If you recall, Ryutaro was referring to the first assignment he gave us. The story I choose to write like a NORMAL person. Sure, I'd managed to write it fairly well. But it wasn't interesting in the slightest- to me at least- and I really didn't want to have anything more to do with it. Then again, it probably isn't the best idea to disobey an evil villain (I just realized that "evil villain" is kind of redundant. I've been using that phrase a lot, though...).

Angelique raised her hand and told Mr. Fukami that she hadn't been there on Monday. He gave her permission to write a new story using the vocab words.

Lucky.

I finished the assignment with somewhat ease. Ryutaro then told us to share with other people and peer edit and whatnot. Bet you can't guess what people I shared with.

Angelique—who had written surprisingly fast—wrote her story about how much she liked to sing. I guess it's really easy to write about stuff you're passionate about.

Ankha wrote a story about some OC's she has. Good idea.

When aforementioned people finished reading *my* story, Ankha looked a bit amused.

"You cannot 'vacate' an empty chair," she said, smiling faintly.

"Yes you can!" I replied.

"'Vacate' means to leave!"

"...How was I supposed to know that?!"

"'Vacate' is one of the vocab words!"

"...So?"

"The definition is in the book!"

And that is how we spent the rest of writing class. And I don't care what anyone says, you CAN TOO vacate an empty chair!

Then it was time for... break. (Read: Break)

Angelique, Ankha, and I, all sat down on the curb eating chips, crackers, and cheese. Respectively.

"Will there be any new teachers today, you think?"

"Something tells me Yu won't last too long..."

"Me?"

"No. Yu. Y-U. Tendo."

"Oh... yeah, I guess so..."

"But then again, the same thing could probably be said about all the rest of them, minus a select few."

"HEY! We have art today!"

"...good observation..."

"Art is fun!"

"Yeah!"

"I bet Jack is still the teacher~"

"Why?"

" 'cause no one else likes art~!"

"...y'know, if you think about it, that IS pretty sad. That Jack is the only character in beyblade that likes art, I mean," Angelique pointed out, a playful smile on her face.

"Hey! That gives me an idea!" I exclaimed quietly.

Ankha half-glared at me, "Is it the same idea I have?"

"Probably!" I told her, smiling widely.

"What is it?" asked Angelique.

"We'll ask Jack—"

"-If art is fleeting or eternal!"

"...Why?"

"It's been an ongoing debate between us."

"Oh."

"What do you think, Angelique?"

"Umm... I'm not sure!" she replied, her smile now slightly sheepish.

"That helps..."

....

Sigh... I've been reading too much "Okay For Now". I sound like the old Lucas. If you get my drift.

Grr. These chapters are so short. ...Ah well, quality over quantity, right? Anywho, congratulations those reading this! You have survived the apocalypse that supposedly occurred yesterday! Good for you! As you probably have noticed, I did not! I am dead!

Gah, Ryutaro's personality was right at the beginning, but he's been becoming all emo as the story progresses. That's one thing I need to fix. I'll add that to the list.

Random meaningless fact that will probably do you no good in life whatsoever: The word "fleeting" is the 664th word in this chapter! :D

MORE EXPLOSIONS!

Nyaaaa... I wanedt to finish this by January 21st, but but obviously that didn't happen~

Meh~ Onward to science!

....

Much to everyone's relief, there were no signs of any explosions coming from the science lab as we walked towards it.

Yet.

If you remember, the project for either today or tomorrow was to be building a baking soda volcano.

Upon entering, we noticed the things-that-were-supposed-to-be-cakes sitting on the back counter. Evidently, Tsubasa's method of baking worked. But then again, no one really knew what cakes are supposed to look like when following the directions we were given.

Reiji stood at the front of the room, and Ryutaro was somewhere in the corner watching, bored. At each sleek black marble desk, there was a test tube with some odd-looking vinegar (I wasn't quite sure what was wrong with it, though) in it, and what probably was supposed to be baking soda in bags that looked suspiciously like the sugar bags that had been given to us the day before.

Upon taking our seats, Reiji explains to us, the directions. Or rather, reads them off a paper.

"Ssspoon three sscoops of Baking Sssoda into the ssmall funnel—"

"Mr. Mizuchi, we don't have funnels or spoons..."

Bonk. Splat.

"There. Now you have both. Everyone elsse, go get sssome from the counter."

Poor Luko.

After retrieving said materials, we followed the previous instructions given to us. Reiji continued reading.

"Take the scisssssors and cut the pointy part of the funnel,"

We all looked around nervously. No one really wanted to get hit in the head with scissors. Not even Luko (gasp). Luckily, some of us had some in our pencil bags, so we shared. But that didn't really help fact that the direction made no sense in the first place.

"Huh..... I ssskiped a sstep. Oh well~" Reiji says, smiling faintly. "Aaaand.. dump the baking sssoda into the vinegar~!"

I stared at the vinegar a bit more. Was vinegar supposed to be fizzy? Bubbly? Isn't it supposed to smell a bit less... sugary? Same goes for the baking soda... But whatever, Reiji supplied this for us, so it MUST be right! ...right?

I took the baking soda and funneled it into the test tube of suspicious vinegar. I waited.... And waited... And waited....

Nothing happened. I thought these reactions were supposed to be *fast*. Looking around at my classmates, I noted that they hadn't gotten any better results. Reiji started around, obviously annoyed. Without warning (though you probably could of predicted it if you really tried), he grabbed the nearest test tube, put his hand over the top and proceeded to shake it really really hard and rapidly. Bubbles started to form in the test tube, and when he *finally* stopped, and took his hand off, the built up pressure was set free and there was a loud "POP" sound before a fountain of bubbles spewed from the top. Reiji, obviously satisfied with this result, nodded and told us to do the same.

If you haven't figured it out yet, the vinegar wasn't vinegar... it was soda... or pop... whatever you want to call it. Most likely, it was something clear like Sprite or Ginger Ale. And the baking soda most likely *was* the sugar we'd used the day before. As you probably know, shaking soda makes it explode. So does putting mento's in it. Evidently, sugar works as well.

The majority of our classmates looked around hesitantly, not sure if they should obey the psycho snake person, or endure the consequences of not doing so. Some, were overjoyed at the thought that they could create an explosion, and did so immediately. I just looked around the room at people's reactions. Ankha was cracking up again. Angelique was smiling like crazy—though I've never seen her *without* a smile. Luko was still on the floor, nursing an injured head, due to the

earlier incident with the spoon. Ryutaro was in the corner of the room with headphones on, turned towards the wall. *Headphones*. Ryutaro had *headphones*. Not to mention, they weren't even plugged into anything.

I looked to the chaos of the lab, and then back to Ryutaro. *I probably should get his attention, even if chaos is amusing.*

Standing up, I walked over to Ryutaro. I held my breath and tapped his shoulder. He turned, and before we made eye contact, his eyes widened, and he immediately took off the headphones and put them around his neck, got up, and walked over to Reiji. He grabbed Reiji's collar, and dragged him towards the doorway.

My classmates tried to clean up as fast as possible. Ryutaro was a bit scarier than Reiji when it came to discipline.

"You guy's can probably go to your next class, now..." said a voice from the back of the classroom. We turned, and saw Tsubasa standing against the back counter, glaring at the things that were supposed to be cakes. We obliged, and were glad someone bothered to tell us these things.

Yaaaaaaaaay! Tsubasa! Let's see... next up is... ART! Hurray! If you haven't noticed, I really like art...

Narnia is an Awesome Place to Live

Hello! Guess what?! I figured out that you can type directly into FanFiction instead of importing Word documents, when updating stories!(Actually, Babyfruitstyles told me, but still) Convenient, right? Wish I'd known that sooner...

Anywho, for Lent, I've decided that I'm going to try and work on this fanfic every day! So that means I'll either be posting everyday, or posting longer-ish chapters somewhat more frequently. Hopefully. If you don't already know, Lent is a time in the church year where you give up something or do something extra. 40 days and 40 nights, not including Sundays.

I don't own Narnia.

**AND I FIGURED OUT HOW TO MAKE A LINE THINGY UNDER THE A/N!
(also 'cause Babyfruitstyles told me...)**

The walk to art was fairly short, but made tedious because of the heaps of Science binders and journals we were carrying. I'm not sure why we brought them. We never use anything for our classes when they're taught by villains.

We were, again, greeted at the door by the clown-like purple haired artist. He smiled creepily at each student. Except Ankha, Angelique, and I. He glare-smirked at us.

"So! Today, we are drawing our houses!" Jack exclaimed when we were all seated.

Confused murmurs arose.

"Just think of what your house looks like, you go there every day so it should be pretty easy, and draw it!"

"Mr...Jack? What if we don't want people to know where we live...?"

"Make something up, then! Just make it sound realistic!" Jack replied as Luko nursed a newly formed bump on his forehead.

Unfortunately, Luko had a point there. It may not be the best decision to tell a

villain where your house is, unless you're looking for trouble. Especially if said villain had forcefully asked you where you lived a few hours before, and the group of villains said villain is affiliated with is currently trying to figure out your identity. So, I decided to do as Jack suggested, and make something up! These people are from *beyblade* after all, they'd probably believe me if I said I lived in China, or something. I'd actually be surprised if they knew where *they* were.

I then started drawing with the pencil and paper that had conveniently appeared at my desk via Ankha, I assumed, while I'd been zoning out and plotting.

First, I drew my "house". It was big-ish. Brown. Kind of English-style. There were lots of windows, and it was two stories high. A brick pathway led to the front door.

After coloring all that in, I finally got to the fun part. The background.

The tree's behind the house were filled with pink cherry blossoms. The blossoms were blowing in the wind in the shape of a human being. Tree Nymphs! Jack wouldn't care if my house were in Narnia, right?

I drew a lion behind some trees.

After finishing, I put my name on the back of my paper and went to see what Ankha and Angelique had drawn.

Ankha had drawn an awesome Alice in Wonderland house with a twisted and stretched frame and a bunch of clocks everywhere. Playing cards were falling out of the windows, and the doorknob had a face on it. The Cheshire cat's facial features appeared in multiple windows, as well as a girl who supposedly was Alice reading in a rocking chair. The white rabbit was running up the crooked red brick pathway.

Apparently, she'd blown the whole "realistic" thing out of proportion. Literally. But then again, it would be awesome and fairly likely that Jack would take this for a legit house.

Angelique's house was exceedingly normal compared to ours, which is probably good. For her. Especially when we're trying to stay under the radar.

It was a one-story house with white house with brown outlining the windows and roof. The whole drawing, though simplistic, had a really cute and cottagey feel to it. (And trust me, I don't use the word "cute" all that often!) There were even little black music note's coming out of one of the windows.

Angelique told us that this was not what her actual house looked like.

Darn, I wish I had a house with music notes flying out of the windows!

Then, Ankha and Angelique came over to look at my drawing.

"Is that Narnia...?!"

"Yup!"

"Cool!"

"Hey look, it's Aslan!"

"No, it's Alsen!"

"Uh... I think it's 'Aslan'..."

"Oh well..."

Jack was a bit suspicious when he came to mine, but disregarded the unreal parts as products of my imagination. Which was very true. But that didn't change the fact he still hated me.

If he thought *mine* was a bit of a stretch, you can imagine his disbelief when he saw *Ankha's*. Actually, you don't *really* have to imagine it; I'm going to describe it for you, anyway.

He stared at the drawing for a bit, eye twitching.

"So...this is your...uh... house...?"

"Yeah!" exclaimed Ankha, not meeting his eyes directly.

He was much more pleased with Angelique's drawing. Didn't pay much attention to it, though.

As for the rest of our class, he was a bit disappointed. Apparently he's never seen so many bad artists in one place. Especially ones who openly admit it. But then again, they should be grateful. At least *they* can draw a straight line (with a ruler). *Some people* (like me) can't draw a straight line (or bother to get a ruler) to save their life.

And thus ended Art class

Yay... I really hope I can post these a lot sooner...

Next class is.... P.E., I believe! Huh... haven't thought of anything for that yet... maybe Enzo will conveniently go missing, or something. Then I can add someone else! Amazing, huh?!

Faust has a Pointy Nose

Sooooo... I've reverted back to typing stuff in Word, 'cause it's easier... I'll probably just copy and paste it into Fanfiction after so I can add lines and things... yeah!

Walking down to the courtyard, it was hard to avoid the gossip flying around about our previous period. Not being one for that kind of thing, I will not narrate it.

Upon *reaching* the courtyard, we were *delighted* to find it utterly deserted. Seriously?! Why doesn't anyone ever tell us these things! But then again, these are the *Garcia's* we're talking about. There's a pretty good chance they're just hiding somewhere to see how long it takes for us to notice.

Apparently, some of my classmates had a somewhat similar thought process and were searching the bushes and trees. I decided to join them, and soon, everyone was scattered about looking for said Garcia's. The faster we found them, the better. Technically we weren't supposed to be unsupervised during school hours. Contrariwise, who was going to call us out on it, anyway?

I wandered over to the bushes near the church, and started pushing branches away idly. My head was down, but soon shot upwards when it hit something. *Stupid wall...* I thought, rubbing my head. Much to my disappointment... embarrassment... surprise... the thing I had bumped into was in fact, *not* a wall. Or a pointy heat radiating wall, for that matter. Not that Faust generates that much heat, or anything. But surely more than a wall does...? I guess that depends on what's behind the wall...

If you didn't get the cryptic riddle hint I dropped there, I'll spell it out for you. The person in front of me was Faust, long white hair, pinkish-red headband thing, giant white coat, pointy nose, and all.

"Hello," he said in a monotone, staring blankly at me. "I am filling in for Selen and Enzo today."

Still a bit stiff, I nodded, and brought him to the center of the courtyard, where everyone eventually gathered. Faust repeated what he had told me, and also mentioned something about Enzo and Selen getting bored with their jobs as P.E. teachers. He also introduced himself, but that was more towards the beginning.

"It says here," Faust starts, "that we are to be playing 'paddle ball' today..." He gestures to a cart of tennis balls and rackets that we'd somehow failed to notice earlier. To demonstrate, he took a blue paddle and a neon tennis ball, and proceeded to hit the ball up and down, obviously entranced by the notion.

"Uh... so... do we get with partners, groups of three, or something?"

Faust's attention turned away from the paddle, effectively causing the ball to bounce off at an odd angle, hitting Luko in the face. Talk about bad luck... maybe Luko should stop asking questions... Or maybe he could just stop talking altogether! What a miracle that would be! But then this story would have no comic relief... Or rather, one less form of comic relief.

"Yes. That is a reasonable idea. Groups of three should work. There are 36 of you, I believe."

Ankha, Angelique, and I got into a triangle, as many other people had done. We each had a paddle, and I carried a tennis ball.

I wasn't the *best* at this, but serving came easier to me than some things. So, I did so. After many attempts, we beat the record Ankha and I had made the week before. 5. This time, we had 7. Not to be confused with Seven; a name Ankha will call herself occasionally.

We got into a rhythm and were consistently dropping the ball once we got to 7 hits. Angelique started humming some tune I didn't recognize, but I assumed it was an aria from some opera. Or the newest song on the radio I'd end up despising for the next month. Either one works. I looked over at Faust. His face was one of death. Not meaning he was dead or anything, just that his face was emotionless, unmoving, and overly pale. Nothing new there. While I'm at it, did you know? "Shi" means death in Japanese!

I snapped out of my trance when the tennis ball hit my head rather hard.

"Aww, we only got to three that time!" Ankha expressed.

"Nice shot... I didn't know you could aim..." I said back to her, rubbing my forehead, which I'd hit earlier on Faust's pointy nose.

We returned to hitting the ball in a triangle. I got bored again.

"Can we give the ball a name?"

"Sure!"

"Yeah!"

"What should it be?"

"Tobi!"

"But there's already a bunch of Tobi's!"

"Good point..."

"How about... wait a sec, doesn't it need a gender, first?"

"That's kind of a long name..."

"Uh, no that wasn't a suggestion, Brooke..."

"Oh! Well, I usually come up with a name first, and the name determines the gender... or I disregard gender completely, and name it after some character!"

"Howabout a beyblade character!"

"Okay!"

"Not a villain, though..."

"Why not?"

"Because if we name it after a villain, chances are, they'll appear!"

"Oh yeah... so... Sora, maybe? He doesn't appear too often..."

"Yeah! Sora needs more recognition!"

"Alright, Sora it is!"

"Hey... has anyone been counting? We haven't dropped the ball for a while now..."

"Oops, no..."

"Snap..."

Yaaaaay... Naming inanimate objects that don't move is fun... you should try it! Then you can say hi to them when you walk around in circles at recess!

Kyoya: No one does that except you...

Kirameki: How do you know? Are you a stalker?!

Typical Twins

Nya... stupid time management skills... Anywho, thanks to all you awesome people who proved Kyoya wrong in the last chapter! Apparently I am not the only person who names inanimate objects! Take that, Kyoya...

Lunch!

Faust let us out of PE at *exactly* the right time. On the dot. Guess he is the kind of person who would be really punctual.

So, we all went to the classroom, got our lunches, said hello to Ryutaro who waved his fan at us (Not sure if he was waving in a friendly way, or just to get us to leave him alone...), and sat down in the lunchroom. Oddly enough, there were no villainous midgets in sight! Or maybe I just couldn't see them over everyone's heads. Everything looked fairly normal. *Normal*. Since when is this week *normal*?! All the students were seated and talking about student-y stuff, the tables were pretty straight, the walls were the right color, two suspicions looking red and blue clothed twins leaned against the wall—wait, what...?

My eyes lit up and I nudged both Ankha and Angelique, pointing to the far wall. There were two twins, roughly the same height. One had a blue shirt and orange-ish hair, and was banging lightly on the microphone, trying to figure out why it was so short. The other wore a red jacket and had blonde hair, and was holding the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger, shaking his head.

"It's Dan and Reiki!"

"Yeah!"

"Dan is the red one, right?"

"Yeah... I think so... like Bakugan Dan."

"What do you think happened to Damian and Captain Capri...?"

"They probably got fed up with this job..."

"Should we help Reiki? He seems to be having problems with the microphone..."

"Great minds think alike! Dan seems to be thinking the same thing..."

Sure enough Dan was now adjusting the mic to a taller notch, much to the irritation of the more rash, and debatably less competent, brother.

Tapping the mic once more, Dan tried to speak into it, but was pushed away by Reiki.

"Hi! We are your 'Lunch Supervisors'! I am Reiki, and that guy over there is Dan! Not the other way around, got it?!"

The students got silent pretty quickly. A voice from further down our table, guess who, mumbled something inaudible to us. Not one to think before acting, Reiki promptly, grabbed the nearest object, which happened to be Dan's head, and attempted to throw it. Angered by his failure, he grabbed two pieces of some kids sushi, stuck one in his mouth, and threw the other one at Luko.

Dan decided to take the mic before things got too out of control.

"Don't mind us... just pretend like we're not here. As long as you don't take notes off of Reiki's behavior, you should be all right," Dan announced, receiving a glare from his twin.

Needless to say, Dan was a *little* too late. A full fledged food fight had already started down at the end of the table where Luko was (If you haven't figured it out yet, most chaos leads to him), and was making its way down the table, at the same time spreading to the whole room. Ankha, Angelique and I looked around in both shock and amusement. Multiple sandwiches flew above our heads, some hitting the ceiling—obviously not accident. Yogurt splatted against the walls, and half of the students were getting pelted with grapes. Reiki looked proud of himself, and Dan had returned to shaking his head in disbelief. The noise level had rose sufficiently, and the walls weren't the right color anymore.

"How are we going to explain *this*?" I asked, ducking as a bag of chips narrowly skimmed my head.

"Who said we had to explain it?" Ankha replied.

"Yeah... but we're bound to get chastised for this sooner or later.... All the classes, not just us..."

"What about the syrup?"

"Huh?"

"Can't we use the syrup to clean everything up?"

"Oh yeah!"

"Do you think anyone will notice if we disappear for a few minutes?"

"Doubt it..."

We ran out the doors and down towards the art room. It wasn't that far away. We stopped abruptly at the door, and knocked politely. Not that Jack cared or anything. The door was locked.

The door opened after a few seconds to reveal none other than Zeo Abyss. What the heck was he doing *here*? Looking closer, I saw that the Art Room was once again in a state of disorder. No wonder.

"Uh... hi! How can I help you?" Zeo asks us. Well, Ankha and I at least. Angelique had gotten all red-faced and most likely wasn't hearing too well.

"...can we borrow your syrup?" I ask enthusiastically, before stopping and realizing how awkward that sounded.

"Suuuure... I think I saw some over here... may I ask why you need it...?" He inquires, leading us to the counter with mild difficulty due to the piles of stuff.

"Because we need to clean up the lunchroom!"

"...Ooookay then..." Zeo replies, not planning to question our motives further, he hands us the syrup.

We run back to the lunchroom and arrive out of breath. Nothing had really changed, except the color of the walls again, and the room *may* have gotten the *tiniest* bit messier. Maybe a little more. Okay, it was a whole lot messier.

We rushed back to our seats and poured some syrup on the table. We waited... and waited. Nothing happened. Ankha poked it. Still nothing.

"Maybe it needs a chain reaction like last time...?" suggested Angelique.

"Good idea!" I said, and reaching to grab my fork. Before I got a chance to do

anything, another bag of chips came flying out from behind me, knocking over the syrup and causing everything to go up in sparkly smoke. When the smoke cleared, everyone's food was gone. I guess that was a minor setback...

Having nothing to eat, they let us out to recess early. Ankha, Angelique, and I returned the syrup to Zeo and demonstrated how it worked.

"Thanks, I guess..." he told us, " Oh and I'm not quite sure I got your names, mind telling me?"

We were a bit hesitant, but Zeo is trustworthy, right?

"My name is Brooke!"

"I'm Ankha!"

"And... uh... that's Angelique!"

My thought process while writing this: I'm out of ideas... oh! Dan and Reiki need to appear! Lalalala... should there be a food fight? Or is that too typical? Hmm... I need more words, so yes! Oh wait a sec... recess need's to be in this chapter too... but my oh-so-patient sister is rushing me... I hope this doesn't sound to rushed...

History doesn't repeat itself, It Ryhmes

I'm really inconsistent... Hn.

History is next~!

According to the beyblade wiki, Julian is 18 in Metal Masters... Is it just me, or does he look older?

We were all a bit tired on the way to History. Makes sense. We don't usually run all over campus during Lunch. Unless we're told to make a poster in the Art Room. That's another story, though.

Julian opened the door to let us in. His face bore the usual bored scowl that could unnerve anyone who looked at him. But for some reason, he seemed even more irritated. That couldn't be good... or maybe it could. Who knows?

Upon taking my seat, I noticed the source of Julian's irritation. In the swivel chair at the front of the classroom sat the infamous inventor of the Sugar Cake. Yu Tendo. His legs were swinging back and forth, for he could not touch the ground with them. Julian glared at the blonde.

"Can you leave now? I have a class." He asked, gesturing to the door.

Yu shook his head violently. "Nope! I don't wanna!"

Julian rolled his eyes, and decided to start the class regardless, hoping Yu would get bored and leave. He was a half right.

"Many groups of barbarians invaded Rome, aiding its downfall. The government started to corrupt, and it there was no longer a sense of pride in—"

"I'm BORED!"

"Then go away."

"No!"

"..."

"..."

"... As I was saying, there was no longer a sense of pride in being Roman—"

"Who would want to be Roman, anyway? That would stink! Being Japanese is totally better!"

Needless to say, my classmates were a little confused by this. The sugar-loving blonde didn't look Japanese in the slightest. Except his exceptionally large eyes that serve as the only thing normal human beings can associate with anime and Japan.

"I'm Italian," Julian points out.

"Yeah, but what does that have to do with being Roman?"

"...Nevermind. Can anyone tell me *why* there was no pride in being Roman?"

"'Cause that'd be boring!" Exclaimed the green-eyed boy.

"...Yu?"

"Yeah~?"

"Go away."

"No!"

"Go bother someone, then."

"But they're all busy!"

"And that differs from me how...?"

"...You were closer!"

"...Aren't you supposed to be helping Ryuga?"

"Yeah, but he's scary!"

"...Ryutaro found cake in the freezer. You better go find him."

Yu's eyes lit up as he jumped out of the chair and ran through the door into the

hall. Whether or not Julian was speaking the truth was yet to be determined. The elder blonde let out a quick sigh of relief before focusing his attention back towards us.

"Sorry about that, back to Ro—"

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK came the sound from the courtyard door, opposite the one Yu had exited from.

Julian glared at the door. "Someone open that..." Luko complied, only to get squished as the person on the other side slammed the door open.

"JULIAN! CAN YOU HELP ME FIX THE ART ROOM AGAIN?"

Julian sighed, "How in the world did you mess it up again in such a short amount of time?!"

"Well ya see, there was this kid who deci—"

"It was a rhetorical question; I don't want to know. Anyway, please leave I'm in the middle of a class."

"Ah, come on..."

Zeo appeared from behind Jack, "Uh... Jack...?"

"Just a second Zeo..."

"Jack..."

"I'm in the middle of something!"

"Yeah, but I already got the Art Room straightened out!"

"Huh? Why didn't you say so! Never mind, Julian! Bye~!"

We all stare blankly as the door slams. Julian holds his breath, afraid to let it go for fear of...

Knock knock knock...

Julian sighed again, more heavily this time. No use suffocating, anyway.

Luko looked at him, "Should I...?"

"... go ahead..."

The door opened a bit slower this time. In stepped a man in a suit. He had shiny glasses and brown hair with a yellow lightning blot shaped strand hanging in front of his face.

"Oh. Hello Doji. Class, this is Doji. A boss-ofsorts for all the new teachers you have this week." Explains Julian; obviously not to thrilled with the newcomer. Doji, nevertheless, smiles creepily at us. Creeping out the rest of the class, as intended, but amusing Ankha, Angelique, and I.

"Hello, I've heard much about you from your principal. I hope you are adjusting to your new teachers. Now, I was just passing through, and I have somewhere to be, so farewell."

And with that, Doji left as quickly as he came.

Julian looked more tired and irritated than he did at the start of class.

Knock knock knock.

"Don't you *dare* open that door."

Tired. School night. End of Spring Break. Doji failure. Comedy failure. Everything else failure. I'm going to bed.

Dollops of Whipped Cream, Plastic Knives

...New chapter! Yay! I've been obsessing over Star Trek a lot lately; so don't be surprised if characters start to sound like Spock... Not that I'm a capable of even pretending that my vocabulary extends so far as to match that of...

Dang. Guess it isn't just vocabulary...

On a different note, we are coming up date I started the story last year! Is it bad that it takes me a year to write a story that takes place over the course of one week...? And I don't think I'm too close to finishing, either...

It turns out that the last person to knock was a school adviser person telling us we were late for our next class. Julian nearly facepalmed. After all, we'd had *such* a productive class period. Regardless, we moved quickly to the Science lab, where the last period of the day was supposed to take place. Hopefully.

We walked in, only to discover the lights were off. Now I couldn't help but think that there was something *very* familiar about this. Maybe—

"Stop gawking and get to your seats!"

I winced. *Oh... right... Ryuga...*

The class came to the conclusion that disregarding Ryuga's advice would result in highly unfavorable cir—Ah, whatever. We took our seats.

Ryuga started speaking again.

"Today you will be having Food Class again," he stated. "I'm here because Yu cannot be trusted with cooking. Or anything, for that matter." Ryuga then paused, realizing how unclear that sounded. "Y-U Yu. Or as you call him, 'Mr. Tendo'"

Ryuga sighed in annoyance, "Anyway, we are going to—"

The light turned on suddenly. We all blinked rapidly at the sudden change in lighting, while turning our heads to see who had flipped the switch.

At the door stood the one and only Yu Tendo, dragging around a large bag of... whatever was inside the bag.

"Ryuga! Why'd you turn the lights off again?! I could barely see my feet!"

Ignoring the blonde, Ryuga continued his directions, "We are going to *frost* the... what did you call them?"

"Sugar Cakes!" yelled and indignant Yu.

"Right... You are going to frost the Sugar Cakes with the frosting Yu brought."

"Uh... Mr. Ryuga... we didn't bring any frosting... were we supposed to?"

"Not *YOU* Yu, *THAT* Yu!"

"Oh..."

Ryuga sat back in his chair, eyes closed, obviously fed up with us. Yu took this as a sign that he was free to do what he wanted.

"Okay! Everyone grab your cake from the counter and bring it to your desk!"

As we did this, Yu placed a bag of what we assumed to be frosting in front of each chair.

"Alright! Everyone open your bag, and then pour frosting on the cake!"

We were a bit confused, but knew better than to try to argue.

"Oh! We need knives to spread the frosting around! Ryuga, do you have any knives...?!"

Before Yu finished his sentence, Ryuga had shoved a bag of plastic knives he had retrieved from his coat pocket into Yu's face. Ankha, Angelique and I exchanged semi-concerned faces. We didn't say anything, for fear of invoking the wrath of Ryuga, but the message was pretty clear. *Why in the world does Ryuga carry plastic knives around? It is Ryuga, though... but still. Wouldn't the school confiscate them? At least they're plastic...*

Yu handed those out to everyone as well, but instructed us not to use them.

"Now come up to the front and get food dye to dye the frosting with! Squirt a bunch of dye onto the frosting, and spread it around a lot!"

Needless to say, we found Yu's directions slightly fallible. Starting with the fact that he then proceeded to instruct us to pour nearly half the vial of food dye onto the cake. As far as I'm concerned, three drops produces a lot of color. The amount we put on made the frosting super dark and runny—which looked kind of cool at times, but the people who choose colors like blue and purple ended up with almost black frosting. Which is still pretty cool. My cake was a very vibrant yellow, Angelique had a dark crimson red, and Ankha had decided to leave hers white.

The other flaw in Yu's plan is the way he told us to mix the dye and frosting. Whenever I make a cake, I usually mix the frosting in a bowl. Not directly on the cake. But I guess it still works.

While throwing away the empty bag of frosting, I decided to look at the label. It said "Whipped Cream." I guess there isn't too much of a difference, so it didn't really matter. I'm still not sure what store sells whipped cream in bags, though...

Yu seemed very pleased with the outcome of the cakes. He was about to give another direction, when Ryuga announced it was time for us to go.

Yu's enthusiasm didn't damped in the slightest, "Okay! Bye! Don't worry! I'll decorate your cakes for you!"

That's reassuring... But at least he won't poison them, or anything... Hopefully.

That wasn't so bad... I hope... Anyways, I will start narrating what happens on Thursday next chapter! Oh... and does Yu have a nickname for Ryuga? I can't remember... Yeah... suggestions for classes are welcome!

Trouble with Tarot

Yay, I'm finally updating again~! It's a miracle! I've been doing a lot of deviantART lately, because I just got an account (same username), and other than that, I've been pretty busy...

This chapter is being written and uploaded from my phone, so the formatting might be a bit off... Not to mention spelling...

If any of you watched the latest episodes of metal Fury, you most likely noticed that Ryutaro got some screen time! He didn't say anything of course, but I was going crazy about how awesome it was that he appeared. I was disappointed that Reiji wasn't there though... they never told us what became of him! I mean, even Teru (Or as my sister likes to call him, "ballerina dude") got a few cameos in Metal Fury! And he only starred in, what, two episodes?! Speaking of Teru, I really want to put him in this story, but he's not, and never was, a bad guy...

Disclaimer: Ryutaro's first few lines were not my idea... copywrite Ankha's sister, I believe... And the picture idea wasn't mine either... Ankha actually drew it! I might link to it if anyone is interested...

When I got home, my mom asked me if I had any homework. She was a little suspicious of the fact that these "new teachers" had given us absolutely no homework all week. I was mildly surprised as well. These are stereotypical cartoon villains! Wouldn't they want to torture kids by giving them hours of meaningless work to go home and occupy their time with? Not that I have a problem with homework... or the lack of it, for that matter.

And as usual, nothing interesting happened until I got to school again.

I got into the classroom somewhat early, unpacked (I wasn't sure why I'd packed anything in the first place—we had nothing due), and sat down. Ryutaro sat at the desk near the front of the room, fiddling with what looked like a deck of cards. But I could tell they weren't regular cards.

Ankha sat down beside me, and Angelique beside her.

"What are those cards Mr. Fukami has?" Angelique inquired in a manner that I

cannot note, for finding the correct adjective has already hindered the progress of my story for nearly a week, as it is. No thanks to Marik, either.

"I think they're Tarot Cards..." I replied.

Ankha piped up, "Tarot Cards? Aren't those like... fortune telling cards and stuff?"

"Yeah..." I confirmed, "Figures Ryu- Mr. Fukami would have them..." I still wasn't too used to calling these characters by their last names. And since some of them never told us their first names, it would be difficult to come up with an excuse for how we knew them.

So we all sit down, completely at the mercy of the cartoon villain in front of us bearing mysterious objects that we are yet to understand the relevance of. But then again... isn't that how most days start? School days, at least...?

"Good Morning class!" Ryutaro announced, uncharacteristically happy. He received a steady murmur of greetings from various people around the classroom.

"Did you sleep well?" He continued, this time getting more than a few odd stares from the students he'd greeted. After a considerable amount of silence, one boy in particular decided to voice the thoughts of the majority of the class.

"Soooo.... What exactly are we doing today, Mr. Fukami...?"

A Tarot Card was promptly chucked at Luko's face (And accurately, at that... Throwing cards is pretty tough! I've tried!)

"I will not proceed with today's lesson until everyone tells me how they slept!"

...Did you know we have crickets in our classroom? Yeah, me neither...

The faces among my classmates were generally blank, with the exception of Luko, (Who was rubbing his forehead that still had a mark he had gained from a Tarot Card to the head...'The Fool', to be exact) and Ankha, who was trying very hard to suppress her laughter.

Ryutaro sighed in somewhat of a disappointed manner, and waved his hand dismissively, "Never mind, I'll just explain the assignment."

The purple haired man strode over to the desk on his left, and picked up the deck of Tarot Cards, displaying them so the class could see what they were.

After explaining the point of the cards, he told we would each receive a card and would study it. We were then to write create a character that "embodies" the figure on the card, and write about them. It was an interesting assignment... especially coming from Ryutaro.

"I will give you all a card, except Luko, who already has one," Ryutaro told us, gesturing slightly to Luko who was still rubbing his forehead and staring at the card that had been thrown at him in bewilderment. The psychic then shifted the deck of cards to one hand, and started throwing them at our desks rapidly.

Granted, most of the students didn't see this coming and ended up searching the floor for their stray Tarot Card. As was the case with me. Ankha and Angelique, I noted, had caught theirs just fine by slamming their hand down on it as soon as it came sliding onto their desk. Again with throwing cards! Seriously! How does Ryutaro do that?!

I sighed, my hand finally landing on the paper rectangle leaning against the wall that I assumed was mine. Bringing it back to my desk, and flipping it over, I saw that it was the King of Hearts.

Wait a second... The King of Hearts isn't in a Tarot Card deck! That's just a playing card! After seeing this, I decided to go up to Ryutaro.

"Mr. Fukami...? This card isn't a Tarot Card..." I pointed put, showing him the card.

He glanced at it before answering, "Oh yeah, sorry about that. I ran out of cards, so I had to borrow some from Jack. You can just use that one."

I nodded, then walked back to my seat slightly confused. There were 118 Tarot Cards, and 36 people in our class... how did he run out? Maybe he was just using the Major Arcana... Oh well.

Staring at the card some more, I decided that if I were to make a character based of this, I'd have to be careful not to make it's personality be to similar to that of a different character. Especially a Beyblade character. Of course, that's easier said than done.

As a matter of fact, any way I looked at the card I thought of Ginga. Real inconspicuous.

I finally settled for a character design after thinking for a few minutes. The King of Hearts was a happy person. He smiled a lot, which annoyed certain people he spent his time with. His name was simply "The King of Hearts," until a better name comes up, but he is called King for short. This King beared no relation whatsoever to King from Beyblade, of course. Like I said before, King liked to irritate people—especially the King of Spades. This usually resulted in him being heavily injured.

"Okay, you can share your characters with the people around you, now!" Ryutaro announced, making me look up from my paper. I turned to Angelique and Ankha to see what they had written about.

Angelique had received the Star, an actual Tarot Card, and had written about a girl who was a bit shy but had lots of hidden talent. She was, to be blunt, a star.

Ankha traded her original card, The Magician, with the guy sitting next to her so she could obtain the Tower. Also an actual Tarot Card, and despite how harmless it sounds, was one of the creepier cards in the deck. It usually depicted two people falling from a burning tower in the middle of a Thunderstorm. Ankha, being her usual self, had even gotten around to drawing the character, as well as describing it. The drawing even had colors labeled on it. There was a boy, donning a tunic that was half red, and half blue. A line of the Roman Numeral XVI, the number of the Tower Card, made up his edges and sleeves of the tunic had a dentil moulding-like pattern, similar to that of the stone tower-top crown that sat on the left side of his head. In his left hand, the boy held the Tower Card, while his right arm was corroding away. Ankha explained him to be a soft spoken boy with a love of architecture, and a fear of storms and fire.

That was more thought out than Angelique's and mine put together...

"What card did you get?"

"The King of Hearts..."

"Lucky!"

"Wait, that's not a Tarot Card!"

Sighing, I explained Ryutaro's dilemma and then my character I'd made up. In retrospect, I was kind of glad Ryutaro only used the Major Arcana, and then face cards from a normal deck. I really didn't want to be stuck designing a character for the Three of Pentacles or the Knight of Wands...

Ryutaro had us all turn in our character sheets, and then go out to break. Looking around I saw that I wasn't the only person without a legitimate Tarot Card. The purple haired psychic then sent us away to get ready for Science, where our fate was at the mercy of Reiji. And Ryutaro himself, I suppose.

Yay... done... I'm going to try and get these chapters out sooner...

I don't know about you guys, but I really like Tarot Cards... and cards in general... Oh! You should try throwing them! It is pretty hard! But that guy in "Now You See Me" could do it... and evidently Ryutaro can as well, so it must be fairly possible!